

DECEMBER 15, 1921

Life

PRICE 15 CENTS



Bag and Ruggage



"Key of the New World and Bulwark of the West Indies"

SO runs the title conferred on the city of Havana by Philip of Spain in 1634. There, centuries ago, the treasure convoys gathered; mail-clad conquerors dreamed their dreams of empire; history was written with cutlass, pike and culverin.

Today, Havana with its ancient fortresses and traditions of adventure is one of the most interesting cities in the world.

Delightful to visit at any season of the year, on a Great White Fleet Cruise to the Caribbean. No passports or sailing permits required from American citizens.

Twenty-three days of complete change and relaxation; the tranquil charm of long, lazy hours at sea varied by interesting shore excursions in Cuba, Jamaica, Panama, Costa Rica, Colombia and Guatemala—depending on the Cruise selected.

Great White Fleet ships are specially constructed for Cruise Service. The newest and finest vessels sailing to the Caribbean. Unexcelled in appointments and cuisine.

From New York and New Orleans. Only one class—first class.

Write for free, illustrated booklet "Following the Conquerors through the Caribbean," cabin plans and fare information.

Address Passenger Department
UNITED FRUIT COMPANY
Room 1642, 17 Battery Place, New York
General Offices, 131 State Street, Boston, Mass.

On Your
GREAT WHITE FLEET
CARIBBEAN CRUISE



Rubberset Brushes—

*as welcome as the day itself,
as lasting as its memories.*

Here is the wide assortment
at your disposal:

World's Standard Shaving Brushes

A complete range in Badger Hair and French Bristle, from \$1.00 to \$15.00 each, to suit your fancy and your pocketbook. Each one in handsome gift box.

Sanitary Hair Brushes

Black Walnut and Myrtle Backs. Regular models, \$2.00 to \$6.00 each. Military models, \$2.50 to \$10.00 per pair.

Everlasting Nail Brushes

Black Walnut Backs, \$1.00, \$1.25, and \$1.50 each, or White Alberite Backs, \$1.75, \$2.25, and \$2.50 each.

Safety Tooth Brushes

Imported French Bristle, White Alberite Handles. All sizes, stiffnesses and styles. 35 cents to 60 cents each.

at YOUR store

or postpaid direct on receipt of remittance
if your dealer lacks the ones you wish.

**RUBBERSET
COMPANY**
(R. & C. P. Co., Props.)
NEWARK, N. J. U.S.A.

**RUBBERSET
COMPANY**
LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

RUBBERSET

Every bristle gripped everlastingly in hard vulcanized rubber!!



A reflection is not a duplicate, but no reflection was ever more like its original than mimeographed sheets are like the copy from which they are taken. Thousands upon thousands of business enterprises and public institutions throughout the world are getting a steady grist of remarkable impressions from the Mimeograph—five thousand exact duplicates hourly, forty thousand and more a day. But the really fine work which the Mimeograph habitually does is only one of its outstanding advantages. As a factor in economy it is one of the great inventions of all times. It duplicates letters, forms, blanks, bulletins, plans, designs, etc., quicker and cheaper than they can be done by any other means. In many places it is saving hundreds, even thousands, of dollars every month. And it is helping to speed up efficiency all along the line. Our booklet "W-12" will indicate how it may serve and save—for you. Send for it today. A. B. Dick Company, Chicago—and New York.



Life



The Miracle Man

Christmas, 1921

Dorothy Parker

I do not ask you for presents rare,
 Other-world trove of forgotten metals;
 Orchids that opened to jungle air,
 Tropical hats in their writhing petals;
 Onyx and ebony, black as pain,
 Carved with a patience beyond believing;
 Perfumes, to harry the startled brain;
 Faces that women have died in weaving;
 Cool-tinted pearls from the ocean, where
 Grottoes of dolorous green regret them.
 I do not ask you for presents rare,—
 Dearest, I know that I wouldn't get
 them.

Give me your love, on this Christmas Day,
 Give me your thoughts, when the chimes are ringing.
 Send me the happier along my way,
 Deep in my soul let your words be singing.
 Give me your wishes, as bells sound clear,
 Charming the air with their golden measure.
 Give me your hopes for the unborn year,
 Fill up my heart with a secret treasure.
 Give me the things that you long to say,
 All of your tenderest dreams unfetter.
 Give me your love, on this Christmas Day,—
 But come across, please, when times
 get better.





Sanctum Talk

"WELL, LIFE, here I am again."
"Who are you?"

"Don't you know me? I'm 'my dear Wells.'"

"Oh, yes. Aren't you some sort of writer?"

"Don't go on that way, LIFE. You know very well that I am the profoundest thinker in the Anglo-Saxon world to-day and—"

"Is it as bad as that? Go on."

"And that I have come over to

America to take charge of the Washington conference."

"And that there is no subject in the universe of which your complete ignorance has not been scientifically demonstrated."

"Exactly; that's what gives me such an enormous reputation as a reporter."

"And you want—?"

"I want you to help me to spread my personality and propaganda still more."

"In order that—?"

"In order that my syndicated articles for the New York *World* will—"

"Will make us all a little money, and—"

"And convey to the American people as a whole—"

"A renewed sense of your international unimportance."

"Precisely."

"My dear Wells, I'll do it!"

"You'll help to feed everyone up on—"

"Yes, yes. On Wells, in hopes that when—"

"When what?"

"When all's Wells, we'll end Wells. And now, bound along."

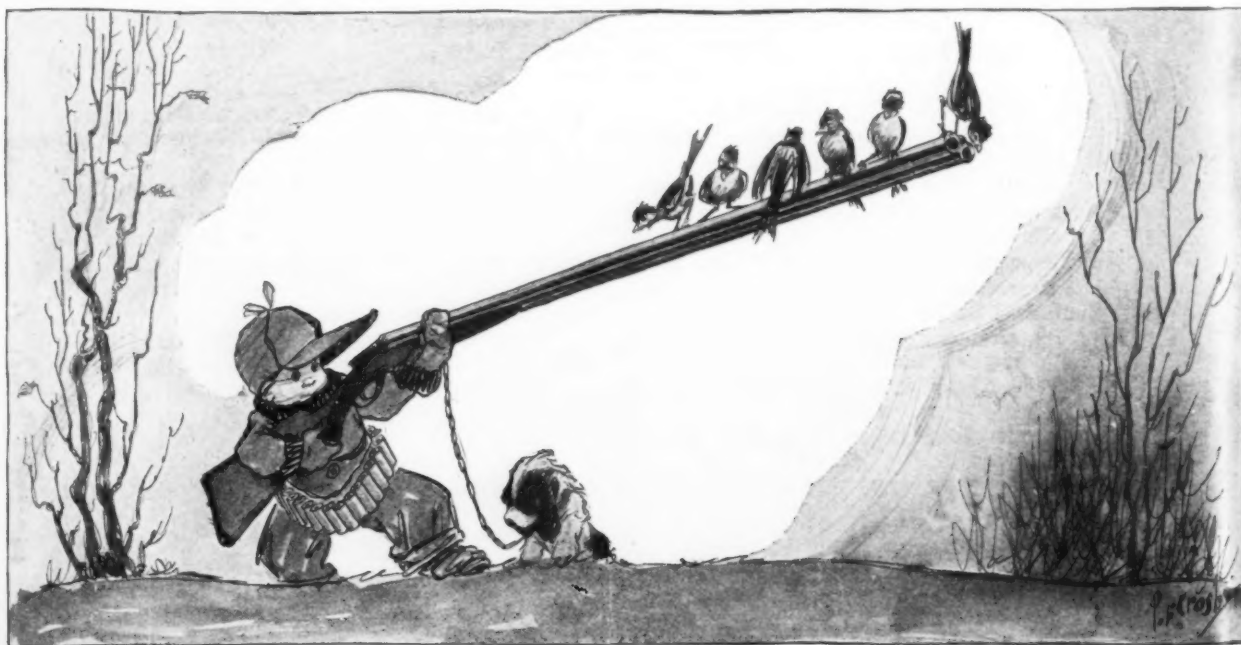
"G-g-g'morning, LIFE."

T. L. M.

Headliners Will Say Anything!

IF the Conference can survive the headliners it ought to survive anything. One observes that a good many of them speak of the United States as America. They should not do that; that is an Anglicism. The English have been doing it for a good while, and we have caught it more or less from them. But it is excusable in them and not in us, for we know the United States is not America, but only part of it.

If wives only knew what stenographers think of their husbands they would cease to worry.



The Hunter (with a heart and head of oak): If I'd only t'ought of it I could of bringed bread crumbs.



Marilyn Miller

FROM the alley's gloom and chill
Up to fame danced *Sally*,
Which was nice for her, but still
Rough upon the alley.
How it must regret her wiles,
All her ways and glances,
Now the theatre owns her smiles,
Sallies, songs, and dances.

Ever onward *Sally* goes—
Life's one thing that's certain.
O'er the end of other shows
Let us draw a curtain.
Their untimely ends are sad,
But they stood no chances,
For, you see, they never had
Sally's songs and dances.
Dorothy Parker.



"And then on the fifth green—"

"Pardon, old man, but is this going to be an eighteen-hole story or only a nine, because I have to meet a train."

An Old-Timer

"THE dinner was delicious. You must have an old family cook."

"Yes, indeed; she's been with us ten or twelve meals."

Smiles

A LITTLE girl, for the first time in the country, watched the farmer's wife plucking a hen. After a careful scrutiny of the tedious process, asked the young visitor: "Have you to undress it every night?"



Life's Calendar

for

December



John Held Jr

By Marc Connelly and George S. Kaufman

xxxi days

1—Th.—Baltimore, Md., lighted by gas, 1816. Mayor Hyman tries the same thing in New York, 1921. Christopher Sholes invents typewriter, 1867.

2—F.—**C** Battle of Austerlitz, 1805. Christopher Sholes gets his hands covered with ink changing typewriter ribbon, 1867. John Brown hanged; popular song writers get busy, 1859. Monroe Doctrine born, 1823. First Pullman car bed patented, 1856. First Pullman car joke, 1856.

3—Sa.—Illinois admitted to Union. Chicago celebrates with 87 murders, 1818. First cases of ante-Christmas politeness among elevator men and apartment telephone operators noticed in New York, Utah and parts of southern Connecticut, 1921.

4—Su.—Washington bids farewell to his officers, 1783. Citizen of Duluth, Minn., loses mind trying to fish short spoon out of mustard bottle, 1919. Three hundred and fourteen British novelists, playwrights, war correspondents and poets arrive in America for lecture tours, 1920.

5—M.—**C** Martin Van Buren, eighth President, born 1782. Female lawyer breaks into newspaper without being referred to as Portia, 1906. Christopher Sholes calls in man to change typewriter ribbon, 1867.

6—Tu.—Delaware, with consent of Du Ponts, ratifies Constitution, 1787. Chinese labor exclusion act passed; China takes it coolie, 1894. Three hundred and fourteen British novelists, playwrights, war correspondents and poets complete books on conditions in America, 1920.

7—W.—Congress declares war on Austria-Hungary, 1917. Austria-Hungary doesn't much care by this time, 1917. One-thousandth book on South Seas completed by Harold L. Pleevey, of South Bend, Ind., 1921. Ten-year-old boy reads entire inscription on street car transfer, New York, 1919. Christopher Sholes sells the typewriter, 1921.

8—Th.—**C** President Jefferson sends first message to Congress, 1801. Green and red glass jars for drug store windows invented, 1743. Six million, eight hundred and fifty thousand people still wonder what that stuff is that's in them, 1921.

9—F.—Three men light cigarettes from same match and are immediately struck dead by lightning, 1889. Judge Gary predicts era of prosperity, 1908, '10, '11, '12, '13, '14, '15, '16, '17, '18, '19, '20, '21. New York telephone directory issued in four volumes, 1924.

10—Sa.—Mississippi admitted to Union, 1817. Frances White learns to spell, 1917. Spanish War ends, 1898.

11—Su.—Plato begins lecture course, 399 B. C. Husbands bring home something new in explanations, 399 B. C. Indiana admitted to Union, 1816.

12—M.—First National Republican convention. Elihu Root refuses to see reporters, 1831. Record for output of Christmas cigars smashed by Ajax Portland Cement Co., 1920.

13—Tu.—Battle of Fredericksburg, 1862. Mean temperature grows meaner, 1921.

14—W.—First number of Boston, Mass., *Gazette* published, 1719. Constant Reader makes a complaint, 1719. First banquet photograph taken, forty diners coming out on the bias, 1871. George Washington dies, 1799. Alabama admitted to Union, 1819. South Pole discovered, 1911.

15—Th.—Battle of Nashville, 1864. Hotels stop starching towels, 1956.

16—F.—**H** Boston Tea Party; British guests arrive late. 1773. Managers pronounce it the worst theatrical season in years, 1912, '13, '14, '15, '16, '17, '18, '19, '20, '21. Great fire in New York, 1835. Janitors celebrate it by turning off heat, 1921.

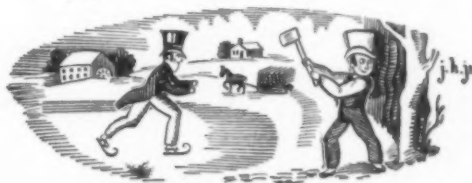
17—Sa.—Eighteenth Amendment passed, 1917. Eighteenth Amendment passed up, 1918, '19, '20, '21. First successful flight of aeroplane, 1903. Six million, four hundred and thirteen thousand persons say it will never work, 1903.

18—Su.—**)** Thirteenth Amendment, abolishing slavery, passed, 1865. *Monah*, new Arrow collar, invented, 1922. Motion picture magnate sends representatives to see D. Alighieri about film rights to *Inferno*, 1919.

19—M.—Library at Alexandria opened to public; first sixteen patrons asking for Harold Bell Wright, 283 B. C. Elephant in circus winter quarters at Bridgeport, Conn., kills great-grandson of man who gave him bad peanut in Salt Lake City, Utah, 67 years before, 1899.

20—Tu.—S. Carolina secedes from Union, 1860. Seventy-five extra beds put in New York hospitals to take care of Christmas card buyers, 1920, '21.

21—W.—Cambridge, Mass., founded, 1630. Yale men take steps, 1630. Man checks hat and coat with management of Childs' restaurant, 1916. First optimist-pessimist joke, 1453.



22—Th.—***** Pilgrims land at Plymouth, 1620. Shuberts built Plymouth Theatre, 1917.

23—F.—Dolls for telephones invented, 1916. Shopping rush breaks all records; manufacturers hurriedly make 100,000 more art calendars, 1921.

24—Sa.—Treaty of Ghent ends war with England, 1812. Hearst resumes same, 1812. Seventeen thousand parodies on "Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house, etc.," appear in newspapers, 1890—1921, incl.

25—Su.—CHRISTMAS DAY; extra matinées.

26—M.—**♂** George Dewey born, 1837. Ground broken for first transcontinental railway; Pathé news scooped, 1863. Apartment house attendants resume normal manners, 1921.

27—Tu.—John C. Calhoun, Vice-President of U. S., resigns, probably to seek fame and fortune, 1832. Six hundred thousand Christmas neckties worn for last time, 1921.

28—W.—Iowa admitted to Union, 1846. Woodrow Wilson born, 1856. Government takes control of railroads, 1917. Complaints on food begin, 1917. Thousands of homes gladdened by return of relatives—to their own homes, 1921.

29—Th.—Texas admitted to Union, 1845. East Liverpool, O., woman claims to have seen entire 22 installments of 22-installment movie serial, 1918.

30—F.—**□** King George III succeeds to English throne; Brisbane editorial demands recount, 1760. Gadsden Purchase, 1853. Twenty-two million-dollar movie theatres erected on same, 1920.

31—Sa.—Assault on Quebec, 1775. Thirsty Americans resume attack, 1919. Ring out, Wild Bells! In one Year and out the other!



"Here! Here!" Or the Known Soldier

(Part of a recent speech by an unknown ruler, from a manuscript supposed to have been picked up on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington.)

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS:

What I like about this great country of ours is the way she does things! It is true that it took her several years to make up her mind to get into the war, but when she did get in at last, how she did make the fur and the money fly!

It took even longer for a minority of her citizens to make up their minds they could put over prohibition on the majority, but, oh, how they did it! And now, all over this broad land, there is nobody taking a drink except the majority. Can you beat that? Friends, wimmen and bootleggers, I say ain't that wonderful?

But what I like about this great country, more than anything else, is the fine way we remember our forgotten heroes. My friends, I tell you this is the test of a great nation. What with celebrations of all kinds, what with prize fights, what with movies, what with highbining and ku-kluxing and preaching and golf playing and hylanizing, to think that we still remember to forget—that certainly does show the right spirit.

If it hadn't been for that, just think of how lonesome all our returned heroes would have felt! Think of how poor the hospital accommodations would have been, think of how

all the red tape would have throttled their futures, think of the despair they would have felt over neglect, think of how many would have actually made away with themselves, and all because we did not remember to forget!

And so I say, here's to the known soldier—the one we remembered to forget.

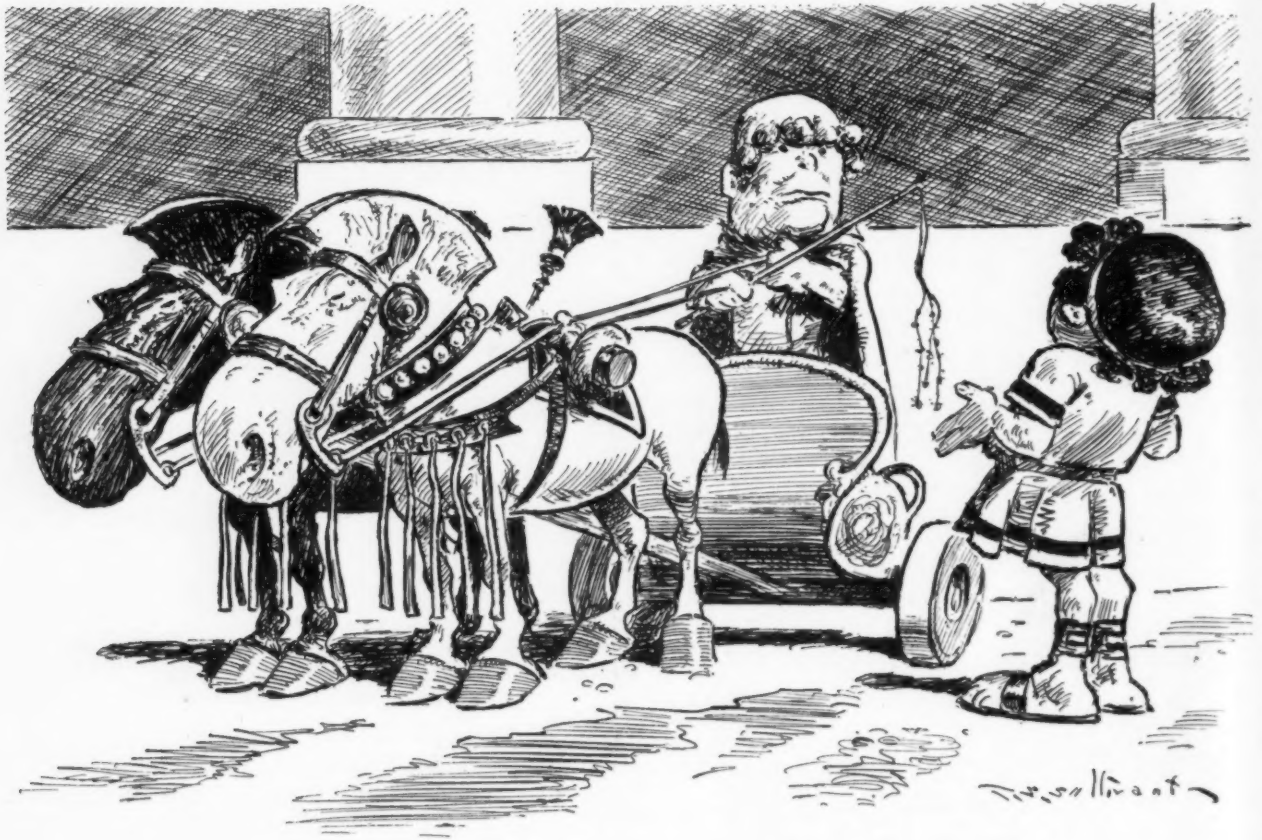
And here's to ourselves—may we never forget that we remembered to forget!

Confession

I WOKE up this morning with a distinct sense of my own shortcomings. Suddenly, without warning, I became aware of what a hypocritical wretch I had been. Think of passing all one's waking hours in deceiving little children!

It was too horrible. A sense of shame overwhelmed me. Overcome with remorse, I resolved to do away with myself. Then it occurred to me that this would be poor penance for all that I had done. Far better to lead a life of repentance. I would cut down my beard and become a messenger boy—at least I could pass the remainder of my life carrying flowers to loved ones, and performing other humble acts of service. Those children! I can scarcely pass them now without shuddering. . . . Nevertheless, I am doing what I can to make up for the injury I have done them. . . . The bell rings . . . I am off once more. . . .

What was I? Alas! a department store Santa Claus.



Glaucus: Did you go to see the Christians thrown to the lions to-day, Claudius?

Claudius: Yes, but it was rather tame. The lions didn't seem to be very hungry.



Drawn by H. T. Webster

The Known Soldier

Life



Lines

THE meat packers are going to reduce wages. At last the working-man is getting the choice cuts.

Looks as though the dove of peace had a real chance at the Disarmament Conference, with Dr. Koo as one of the delegates.

Japan must know that the yen is mightier than the sword.

The Japanese situation is Nippon tuck.

Popular government is of the people, by the people, for the people. But it isn't always popular *with* the people.

Dr. Bowlby (of Blue Sunday fame) describes his Lord's Day Alliance as "the sure sword-arm of the church."

Another conclusive argument for disarmament!

Listening to some political speakers is like aiming at a target. Allowance has to be made for the wind.

Dr. Copeland's Diet Squad marks the first municipal demonstration of girth control.

"Isn't that the limit?" said the thirsty passenger as the outward-bound Atlantic liner passed the three-mile buoy.

Congress makes its mistakes, but it seems to be in no danger of pulling a bonus.

If the Navy stops launching battleships, how are Congressmen's daughters to get their pictures in the paper?

Also among the yearned-for possibilities should be a Conference on the Limitation of the Number of Prohibition Wheezes in one musical show.

Burglary insurance is one of the luxuries that hard times have eliminated. Burglary insurance is a necessity today.

A word can be sent around the world in one-seventh of a second by means of the new wireless station on Long Island. But isn't it considerably cheaper to use the customary method of talking to oneself?

"History is bunk," says Henry Ford, who has dealt quite extensively in the latter.

"All we have done is right," a congressman declares. He evidently meant "write."

At a late hour last week Ireland was nine refusals ahead of England's offers, and still going strong.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians—"Whisky and Soda."

At the current quotations it is estimated that Germany would save \$312 a mile by paving its streets with marks instead of asphalt.

Postal service has speeded up under Hays' administration. The mail trucks now turn all corners on high.

Judging from the business done by New York's "Little Church Around the Corner," it should be called a union depot.

"Loafing causes the crime wave," said a well-known Police Commissioner recently. Whose loafing?

All the world's a stage, and most people merely innocent bystanders.

Professor Starr, the anthropologist, says there are no beautiful women in America. Now that long skirts are coming back some of the men may be able to disagree with him.

Doing away with armies and navies will not prevent nations from making war. This, obviously, is why the Allies did away with Germany's army and navy.

Just now it's a case of Hughes Who in America.

The rate of exchange on Christmas presents will remain about the same.

Banner Hunting Year is Predicted for New Yorkers.—*Headline.* Especially for those seeking apartments.



A Texan found a piece of rubber tire in his hash. The auto is displacing the horse everywhere.

Someone has figured out that 85% of all elopements end disastrously. But the only reason the percentage is so high is that elopements so often end in matrimony.

Where there's a will there's an inheritance tax.

Germany claims to be unable to meet her reparation instalments and naively suggests that each country pay its own way. Now we know where the Dutch treat originated.

A Turkish Election

AMONG the femininity
As well as masculinity
Of Istambul's vicinity
Was tumult and hurrah;
Abdullah the Uproarious
And one more meritorious,
Mohammed, called "the Glorious,"
Were running for Pasha.

Abdullah's wiles were various;
With drinks at one denarius
He made the mob hilarious;
He purchased votes in shoals.
He roused his rowdy partisans
From donjon keeps and bartizans;
They rounded up the artisans
And drove them to the polls.

Mohammed held such knavery
Deplorably unsavory;
He smiled in simple bravery,
And close to six o'clock,
When every hope seemed blotted out,
By districts neatly plotted out,
The harem vote he trotted out
And potted it *en bloc*.

Ten thousand men with scimiters
And crimson-sashed perimeters,
Tetrameters and trimeters,
Commingle in the cry:
"This man will get the dross for us!
His brain is rich in phosphorus!
Mohammed is the boss for us
Till Bosphorus runs dry!"
Arthur. Guiterman.

Self-Evident

NORTH: Dobbs is celebrating the arrival of a new baby at his house.

WEST: That so? How many children has he?

"Didn't I say he is celebrating?"

NORTH: Did you take a vacation this year?

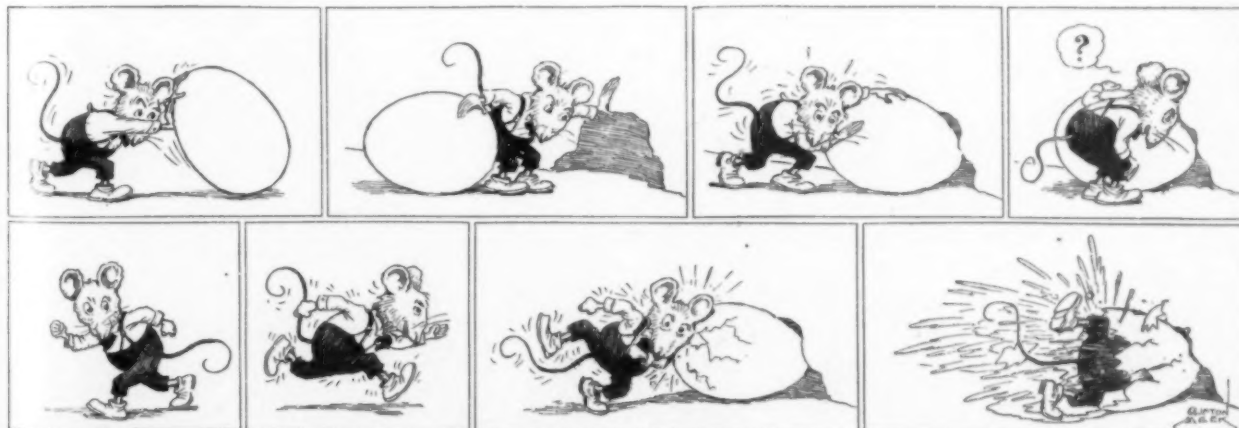
WEST: No. I took a two-weeks' trip in a Ford.

"Who's going to look after this country while young Rockefeller is in China?"

"Otto Kahn."



"Mr. P'liceman, can you tell us where Mr. Santa Claus lives?"



A Hard Shell Never Gives



"Mistah Bascom, sah, kin yo' tell me when dat vehickel ov yourn will cease obstructin' ov de highway?"
 "Deed I kaint! I bin fo' de las' two hours tryin' to persuade dat mule to move, an' I'se 'erbout wore out!"

Chats With Famous Fun-Makers

No. 1—The Mule

"**R**EALLY, I don't know what I can say for publication, except that I love my work."

With a graceful wave of his right foreleg, the Mule motioned us to a seat beside him in his stall in the Comic Supplement Art Rooms.

"Something about myself? Why, there is really nothing that I can say that has not already been said in my latest book, 'Comic Characters I Have Kicked.' Did I know the Yellow Kid? Oh, intimately"—here the Mule heehawed delightfully—"in fact, it might almost be said that I gave him his first start. That was all of twenty-five years ago; I was a mere jackass at the time.

"Then there was Happy Harrigan; I worked with him every Sunday for five years in the colored sheet of the old Sunday *Oof*. There was quite a lawsuit over me once. An artist—I've forgotten his name—kidnapped me for the Sunday *Zowie*, and for several months I kicked there regularly every week, or until the editors of the *Oof*

got an injunction out restraining me. They said I belonged to them; that I was copyrighted from my crossed eyes to my hind feet.

"It was quite exciting for a while and rather wearing, as I was kicking in two papers every week. I was glad when it was settled."

A buzzer buzzed sharply in a corner of the Mule's stall and he waved his right foreleg in a gesture of impatience.

"It's the creator of the Krazy Kids calling me," he explained. "I understand I'm to kick Krazy Klarence through a stone wall this Sunday. I heard the art manager talking about it. It's what they call an idea. I'm rather weary of stone walls. I suppose"—here the Mule paused reflectively—"I suppose in the last twenty-five years I've kicked at least seventeen comic characters through probably several hundred stone walls. And the barn doors I have kicked them through! And the windows! Old as I am, I love the crash of glass still, it's so genu-

inely comic. My record for height? Oh, I couldn't say offhand, but I think it was when I planted my hind feet on Farmer Jayhawk—you remember fat Farmer Jayhawk, of course, in the old Sunday *Pow*?—and kicked him into the basket of a passing balloon. It was one of the best things I ever did, as we artists say."

Here the buzzer buzzed again, more petulantly than before. The Mule arose, and, smiling affably, gave us his right foot; fore, not hind; and gently, not professionally.

"Coming!" he brayed.

"Just one word more," we requested diffidently. "Do you ever expect to retire?"

"I'd love to," he sighed, "but they won't hear of it. The indispensable man doesn't exist, but the indispensable mule does, and I am he. My present contract, recently signed, is for ninety-nine years, with option of renewal by the Sunday *Zam*."

Arthur H. Folwell.

Portrait of a Nervous Man Buying a Stamp in a Modern Post Office



What with the officials and marines on the watch for mail bandits, Mr. Jones wonders whether it's quite safe to go in



Finally decides to risk it. Holds his letter in plain view to show that he really has business there



Sees a policeman eyeing him and thinks that he had better explain that he has just stepped in to buy a stamp



Feels that his explanation sounded forced and that he is under suspicion. Is quite certain he is being shadowed



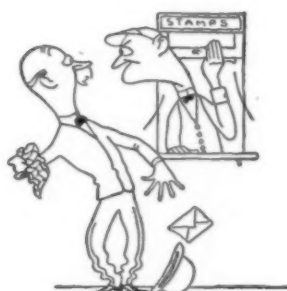
A hand on his shoulder! Old lady merely wants to know if he can tell her where the Parcel Post is



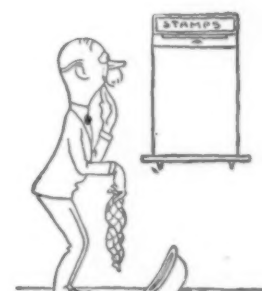
Feels that his nervousness is beginning to attract attention and assumes air of business-like determination



Is greatly relieved to find that the stamp clerk has gone to lunch



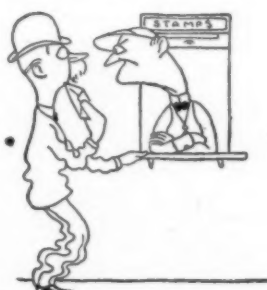
Clerk returns. Jones is so startled that he can't remember what it is he wants



Clerk goes back to lunch. Jones is now certain that he's under suspicion



Wants to make a break for it, but feels that that would furnish proof of his guilt. Decides he had better wait



Clerk returns. Jones, in a desperate effort to appear at ease, asks for a letter for his stamp and a lamp for his stetter



Decides to send the office-boy out for a stamp to-morrow

CLYDE WILLIAMS



DECEMBER 15, 1921

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Vol. 78 No. 2041

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

London Offices, Rolls House, Breems Bldgs., London, E. C.
598 Madison Avenue, New York

AT Wash-
ington
everything is
going into
the tub with
good hope
for what will

come out in the wash.

One view of the conference is that it is a delicate machine with which everyone has to be careful, and which must not have any monkey wrenches or other very hard stuff thrown into it, and which with good luck and careful handling will deliver a product that may be useful.

Another view is that an international conference is a stone crusher, the job of which is to make road material for humanity to get about on, and that soft stuff is no good for it, and to get real results you have to feed it real hard rocks.

Mr. H. G. Wells, being an independent voice, takes the latter view. He throws into the midst of the conference whatever comes into his head that seems proper to make a road on which mankind can get back to safety. He continues to reiterate that the world is in a very bad way—that Europe is by way of going to pot and that the power to bring effectual aid to it is mostly in the United States. He does not like the present politics of France, as he understands it, and speaks about it with entire candor, to the scandal of many persons who think his words a peril to international relations.

It is not necessary to agree with Mr. Wells in order to appreciate the possibility that his obstreperous ebullitions may be useful. Somebody ought to feed the conference tolerably hard stuff, and he is in a good position to do it. If he holds up to France a mirror in which she can see herself as a good

many people see her, that may be a useful service. For France is not populated exclusively by saints; neither do all her people hold to common sense. Many of them are full of obsessions and fears; some of them have impossible aspirations, and, like other countries, she has politicians who trade on all the phases of popular emotion. She is still the next neighbor to Germany with crowded memories of the perils of that propinquity, and an overwhelming desire for safety. Even when she is wrong, France is excusable, and will be excused repeatedly, but if under the control of her more bumptious managers she becomes a real obstacle to the peace of Europe, that is a position that she cannot hope to maintain.



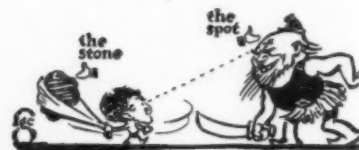
ON the whole, at this writing, the conference is going on well. What can be supplied from the outside is the impression of the great demand—the demand for world peace. How to get it is a matter of detail and details are for the experts who form the conference. If the demand is strong enough, the details will conform to it. They are conforming to it now. The working out of the naval armament problem is progressing well. The difficulties of it and the jealousies that attend it yield to the demand for peace and the need of every nation to avoid all unproductive expenditures.

Our President's idea for an association of nations has behind it in a fuller development the same tremendous facts that were behind the League, and the demand that those facts be met, which

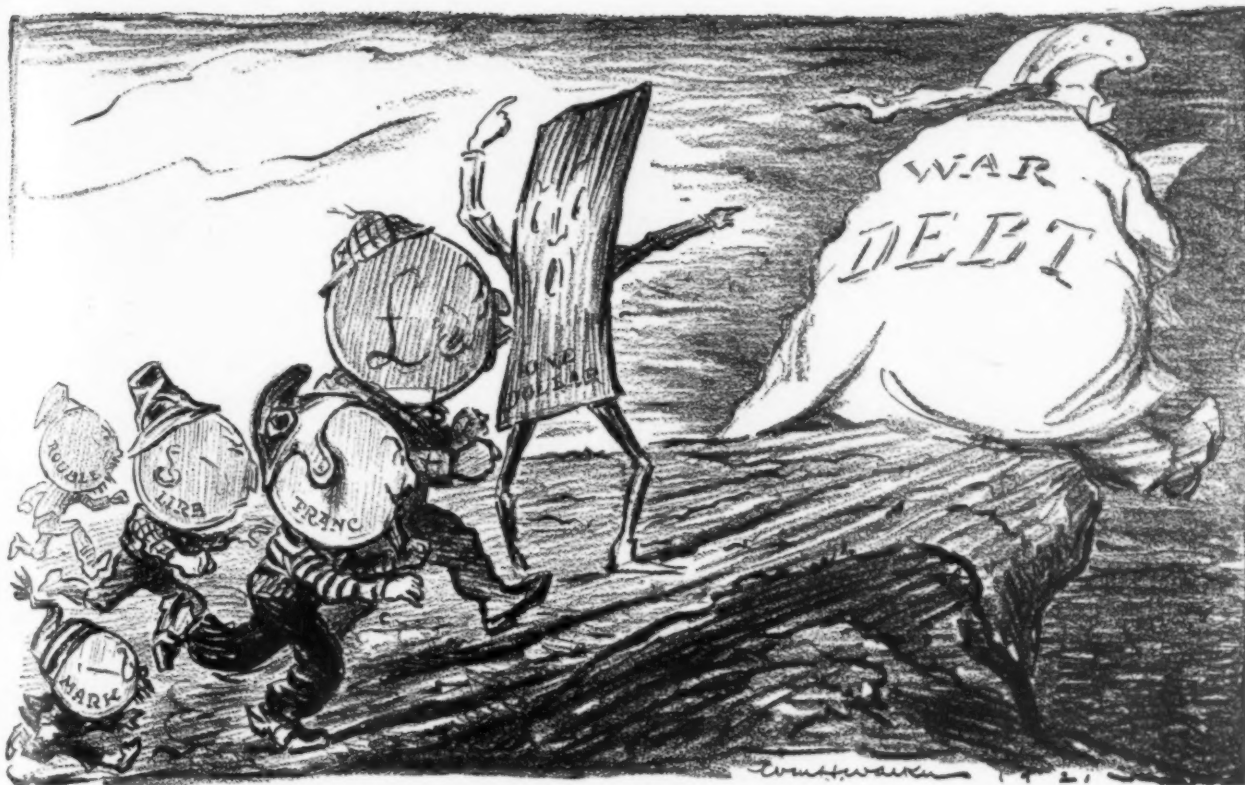
died away in the long squabbles of 1920, is gathering force again. Happily there is very little visible disposition anywhere to feel that because the League was beaten in 1920, the association must be beaten in 1921. The situation is too critical, the need too great, for any such sentiment. If Mr. Harding and Mr. Hughes and their helpers and advisers can devise an association that promises to do the work the world needs, it will surely have in this country a tremendous support from all who hope for world peace.

There is a great region of the world—Eastern Europe and Asia—a large part of which is terribly disorganized and out of which anything may come. The astrologers and other sources of suggestion, who talk about the Armageddon still to come, and see it due in four or five years, have that great troubled region for their nursery of disturbance. The great precaution against the terror from the East is the maintenance of the industries in Western Europe, for war nowadays is an industrial job and people who have not got good factories can't go far with it.

Russia is a tremendous problem. Such stories as Sir Philip Gibbs tells of starvation there are not only appeals for help, but warnings of troubles to come unless that help is provided.



OUR neighbors, the *Sun* and *Herald*, are still arguing for the suppression of poison gas, bombing airplanes and the submarines. "Has it occurred to the conference," they say, "that men



Old Dollar Bill: Come on, fellows; let's push him over!

—patriotic men, the bulwark and defense of nations—will not stand for methods of warfare that don't give them a chance for their lives? Has it occurred to the conference that as men have demanded and got better working conditions in industries and on the sea, so too they will demand and get better fighting conditions in war—fair fighting?"

And suppose men do not get better fighting conditions! Suppose under the threat of poison gas and bombing airplanes they say that war is too bad and that they won't fight any more! Suppose they serve notice universally on their bosses that they are tired of being gassed and blown up—that war is played out and there must be some other means of settlement—what will the *Sun* and the *Herald* say to that?

War, even as it has been, is a rotten thing. Read about it in Frederick Palmer's book on "The Folly of Nations," or in Gibbs' book, or in any book of any honest man that has seen it as it is and tells the truth about it. Eliminate poison gas and bombing airplanes and still it is not good enough to keep. The great howitzers and their great bombs are very unlovely. Read in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December the story of a

shell-shocked officer, and imagine from that how came about the condition of mind that made the gallant Whittlesey of the Lost Battalion jump off a steamer on the way to Havana.

This is the first great chance that has come to living men to beat war. By all means take it. Do not make war polite. Do not make it humane. It never can be either. No matter how fair its aim may be, its means will be abominable. As developed by science it is too destructive for this fragile world, and so it is out of date. The thing to do is not to mitigate or prettify it, but to chuck it out and get a new medicine for the nations.



MEANWHILE, there are some results of the war we have just emerged from that call for more handling from us than they have yet received. The damaged and disabled men are a great public charge. There never was lack of disposition in the country

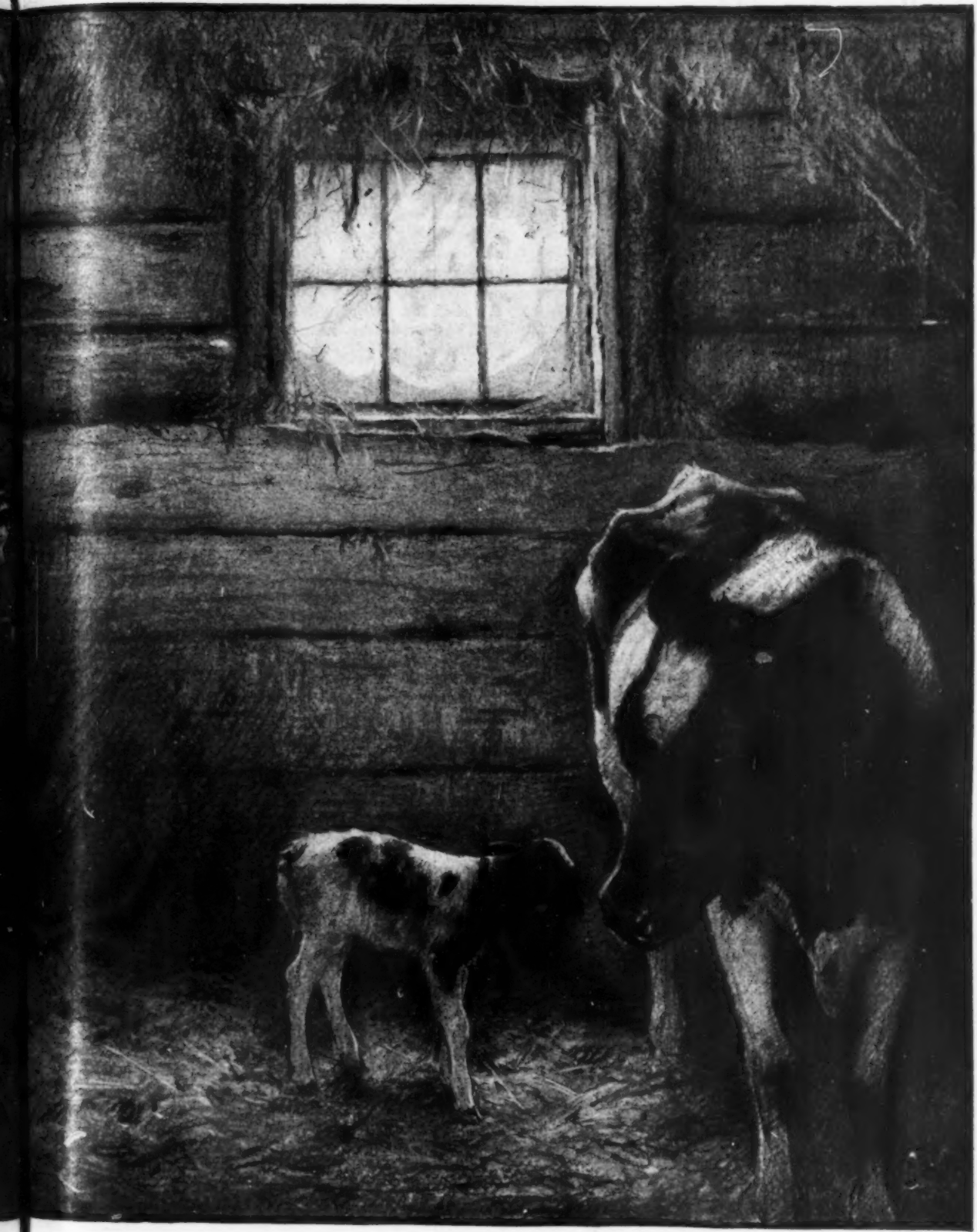
to do its duty by them, but the duty was very big and organization and disbursement have hardly yet come up with it, though nowadays since General Dawes has had charge of them, they do not lag as they did. It will help matters, though, if all of us whose hearts were in the war, and who believed in taking our part in it, should feel that the disabled and damaged men are a personal charge on each of us, and that we have not done our part unless we have done for them the utmost we can do.

That other great matter, the relief of Russia, is in excellent hands, with Hoover at the head of it, but it is a matter of a size that requires the resources of governments, and private charity has to scramble to keep up with it at all. One expedient that the American Relief Association, which has charge of it, has adopted is the sale of food drafts to people here who have friends or relatives in Russia to be fed. The Association takes money here (Room 527—42 Broadway, New York) and the food is delivered in Russia, either from warehouses there, or through the Soviet post office. That method was very useful in Austria and is being tried for Russia, too.

E. S. Martin.



"Oh, Gramp! See what *Saus* bro



ant Saus brought to Bossie"



The Holiday Season

IT didn't seem possible that any actress could romp in at this late date and illuminate the time-honored rôle of the young street *gamine* who is given a good home by a great big, handsome man, only to worm her way into his heart at the final curtain by means of a series of impudent insults to the dignity of his *ménage*. So many have done it before that it seemed as if all the little street girls of Paris and London must by now have comfortable nests with middle-aged men who do nothing but pat them on their heads and murmur: "You little minx!" at them.

And yet Miss Leonore Ulric takes the title rôle of "Kiki," which is simply another in the long list, and gives it a distinction that is startling. With the handicap of an awkward translation from the French, very bad direction at the hands of Mr. Belasco the Wizard, a leading man whose ambition will evidently have been reached when he can dictate 500 words a minute to the world's champion stenographer and the necessity of performing several vaudeville stunts during the course of the play, Miss Ulric forges ahead and makes *Kiki* a tremendously appealing and almost constantly amusing young woman. And among the other handicaps with which she had to contend must not be omitted "The Son-Daughter," in which she made her last appearance in New York. So if ever the words "personal triumph" are called for, they are for Miss Ulric in the success of "Kiki."



IT is surmised that Mr. Belasco, in the interests of that strict chastity which the American public demands of its heroines, inserted the lines by which *Kiki* makes it known to her idol that she has, in spite of appearances, always been "a good girl."

And yet, in the interests of this same American taste, several quite unnecessarily crass bits of by-play are introduced into the first act which are sure to be as popular as an excerpt from "The Demi-Virgin" would be. American taste apparently condones any vulgarity so long as it is committed on the stage and in full view of an American audience. No off-stage vices will be tolerated.



THE Theatre Guild's second offering for the season is made up of two translations from the French, one a "tragi-comedy," the other a farce. The first is called "The Wife With a Smile," and is interesting for the most part, with moments of terrible suspense when Mr. Arnold Daly

toys with a revolver which he believes to be unloaded but which the audience has seen loaded by Blanche Yurka only a short time before. Both Mr. Daly and Miss Yurka, especially Miss Yurka, give excellent performances, limited only by that inevitable rigidity of phrasing and lack of subtlety which seem to hang over our French adaptations, however well translated they may be.

And the farce, "Boubouroche," is so French that it is well nigh unbearable. An old gentleman with a mistress who is deceiving him, a wardrobe in which she hides her lover, frantic gesticulation and much puffing and blowing and waddling by Mr. Daly, and you would almost think you were in France itself. A charming people, the French, always dodging into wardrobes at the sound of footsteps on the stairs. But since it is a poor season, anyway, let's not bring over any more of their comedies for a while. We have a great many here now as it is, all alike, and in each of them at least one character who goes about whistling "Madelon."



"THE DREAM MAKER" in which William Gillette returns to us, is not the whimsy that its name implies. It is a hand-turned melodrama, unbelievably stereotyped at first with quantities of "Dulcy" small-talk, but picking up speed and novelty after the second act, until by the end of the play you are thumping along several paces behind your heart, hoping and praying that the Lord will spare the delicate-looking Mr. Gillette long enough to foil that gang of low-lives. And all this in the face of situations so artificial and so impossible that you would laugh if you weren't so gosh-darned excited.

But even at that, "The Dream Maker" is not good enough for Mr. Gillette. He flits through it like some gray, benign spirit slumming on earth.



WHAT with one thing and another, this is the first chance we have had to give Ed Wynn a boost. He seems to have been doing very well, however, without our help.

His show this year is called "The Perfect Fool," of which he himself wrote the book, lyrics, and music. In addition to this, he is on the stage constantly, except during those periods when he is moved by some perverse inspiration to change his clothes. And a change of clothes with Ed Wynn is more than merely changing from one suit to another. The effect of each new costume is that of some supernatural sartorial cataclysm, in which all the terrible clothes in the world have come swirling through space to wrap themselves around Ed Wynn.

As in past years his stories are the longest, most involved and dullest possible, his acrobatics a discouraging series of petty mishaps, and his elaborate plans for the success of his show among the most futile in the whole history of civilization. And, as in past years, he is terrifically funny.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print *LIFE*, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Ambush. *Belmont.*—A gray drama of New Jersey tragedy, well done.

Anna Christie. *Vanderbilt.*—Remarkable characterization by Pauline Lord in a play by Eugene O'Neill.

The Bat. *Morosco.*—Popular crime. A Bill of Divorcement. *Times Square.*—The new generation comes into its own in this depressing but powerful play.

The Claw. *Broadhurst.*—Lionel Barrymore at his best in a regulation French drama.

The Green Goddess. *Booth.*—Well-worn melodrama made new by George Arliss.

Liliom. *Fulton.*—Nothing distinctive enough has been produced this season to challenge the position of this remarkable fantasy of realism.

The Madras House. *Neighborhood Playhouse.*—A delightfully wordy play, acted just as it should be.

The Silver Fox. *Maxine Elliott's.*—William Faversham in polite divorce proceedings.

The Varying Shore. *Hudson.*—To be reviewed next week.

The Wandering Jew. *Knickerbocker.*—Elaborate spectacle beginning at 8:30 and lasting several centuries.

Comedy and Things Like That

Beware of Dogs. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—There are thousands and thousands of people who like William Hodge.

Bluebeard's Eighth Wife. *Ritz.*—Ina Claire in a play of French dormitory life.

The Circle. *Selwyn.*—A real play for people who do not believe in fairies, presented by an all-star cast including John Drew and Mrs. Leslie Carter.

Dulcy. *Fraser.*—The eager wife who tries to help her husband in his business, made into a refreshingly new character for our stage by Lynn Fontanne.

Everyday. *Bijou.*—An excellent cast in one of Rachel Crother's inspirational tracts.

The First Year. *Little.*—May be recommended to almost everyone who doesn't mind laughing now and then.

The Grand Duke. *Lyceum.*—French comedy of the conventional school, with Lionel Atwill in the leading rôle.

The Great Broxopp. *Punch and Judy.*—British fun, rather heavily hammered in.

The Intimate Strangers. *Henry Miller's.*—Billie Burke in a nice little thing by Booth Tarkington.

Just Married. *Nora Bayes.*—Low stuff, but undeniably funny in spots.

Lilies of the Field. *Klaw.*—A clumsy play about amusingly kept women.

Six-Cylinder Love. *Sam H. Harris.*—Ernest Truex in a highly amusing comedy of suburban automobiling.

Main Street. *National.*—Many who didn't like the novel will like the play.

Thank You. *Longacre.*—Evangelical drama at its best.

The Wife With a Smile. *Garrick.*—Reviewed in this issue.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Bombo. *Jolson's Fifty-Ninth St.*—Al Jolson is in good form but in poor company.

Blossom - Time. *Ambassador.*—For those who still have an ear for music.

Get Together. *Hippodrome.*—What "Christmas vacation" means to the children.

Good Morning, Dearie. *Globe.*—As good a musical comedy as has been seen here for a long time.

Greenwich Village Follies. *Shubert.*—Nice on the eyes, anyway.

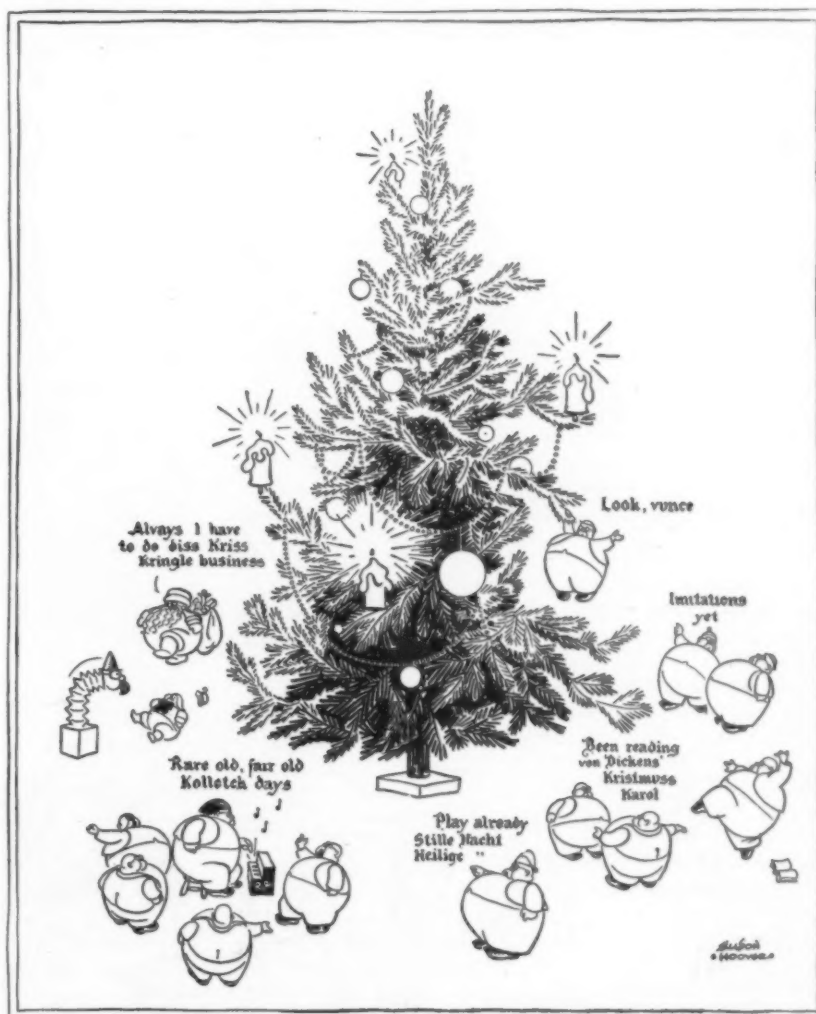
The Music-Box Revue. *Music Box.*—Sell the automobile and go.

The O'Brien Girl. *Liberty.*—Pretty music gracefully rendered.

The Perfect Fool. *George M. Cohan's.*—Reviewed in this issue.

Sally. *New Amsterdam.*—Now in its second year, showing what a good word from this department will do for a show.

Tangerine. *Casino.*—Julia Sanderson and John Hazzard in a musical comedy which is above the average.



Eine Christmas Fantasy

Alt Nürnberg macht foolishness mit Tannenbaum

The Scientific Management of Christmas

The Babson Yuletide

Montague Glass

IF Christmas came but twice a year or but 31,416 times a year instead of once a year, it might pay a Certified Public Accountant to open offices as a consultant to Christmas givers. Thus, if you gave your wife's sister last Christmas a coffee percolator costing \$18.50, upon the assumption that she was going to give you something in the neighborhood of \$20.75—that being the cost of the sterling silver fruit dish with which she came across for Christmas 1919,—but if instead of giving you something worth \$20.75 she responded to your 1920 model \$18.50 percolator with a Japanese stencil mounted in a wooden tray with glass over it, which you happened to know didn't stand her in a cent more than \$7.25, then how the Dickens are you going to calculate the value of your 1921 Christmas to her, unless you do it with the aid of a Certified Public Accountant?

Last December 26th my wife and I sat down with pencil and paper to figure out just where we stood in the matter of presents given and received for Christmas 1920, and we discovered that we were on the wrong side of the ledger by about \$28.30, with one aunt still to be heard from. It's a matter of simple subtraction to estimate that by employing a Certified Public Accountant for a fee of \$10 we would have saved \$18.30.

* * *

TAKE the domestic servant aspect of Christmas presents alone, and we will say, for example, that ten per cent. of a servant's monthly wages is a fair estimate of what she ought to receive from her employer as a Christmas present. Now suppose you hire an upstairs girl at \$60 a month on the afternoon of December 2nd at 3:35, and you hand her a Christmas present on December 25th at 8:15 A. M., off-hand how much would you give her? You don't know. You wouldn't know if you covered two sheets of paper with figures. My wife used to be able to do simultaneous quadratic equations as easily as a fireman sliding down a polished brass pole, and once I nearly passed an examination in Conic Sections, and we don't know. Nor would we know if instead of an upstairs girl it was a furnace man. Here, then, is a splendid opportunity for a Certified Public Accountant to earn a nice piece of money every Christmas, and if he should have received some little training as a General Merchandise Appraiser, that wouldn't do any harm, either.



"Wishing all a Merry and Efficient Christmas"

LET us take the hypothetical case,—and not so frequently hypothetical, either,—of a book you have received as a Christmas present from a friend,—or, at any rate, somebody you have always believed to be a friend. The jacket gives the publication price as \$7.50, and in the upper left-hand corner on the reverse side of the front cover appear the letters, in lead pencil, *mjs*. This offers no clue to what your friend actually paid for it. It might have been sold as a publisher's remainder and probably was, for it is entitled "Fifty Years of a Diplomat's Life," and even Sixty Years of a Diplomat's Life would not be precisely a best

seller. In fact, a discriminating reader like yourself would be probably fed up with three years and two months of a diplomat's life, for with the average diplomat it is never a case of a short life and a merry one. On the contrary, this particular Diplomat's Life is a long one—over 800 pages, and a notably tedious one. Query: How much would you spend as a return Christmas present, and for what?

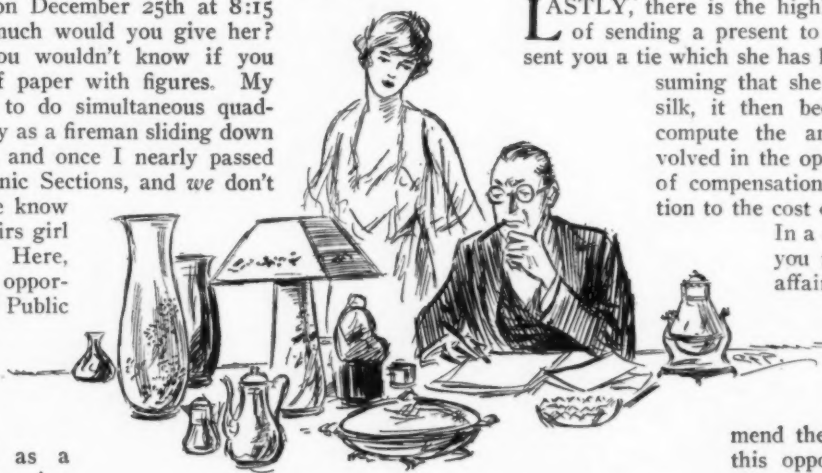
Christmas 1921 promises to be a difficult season for Christmas givers who go upon the theory that, if it is not better to give than to receive, it ought to be at any rate a 50-50 proposition. You see, there have been such startling reductions in the prices of articles which are generally supposed to be appropriate Christmas gifts. In the matter of safety razors alone, unless one is continually on the alert, one is apt to send a return present to somebody who has given you a safety razor, upon the basis of the old 1920 price of five dollars with twelve blades complete, instead of the new price of \$1.99 with twelve blades complete and eight green certificates.

* * *

LASTLY, there is the highly intricate problem of sending a present to somebody who has sent you a tie which she has knitted herself. Assuming that she had not stolen the silk, it then becomes necessary to compute the amount of time involved in the operation and the rate of compensation per hour, in addition to the cost of the raw material.

In a case like that, either you must put the whole affair up to a Certified Public Accountant, or pretend you never received the rotten thing. I recom-

mend the latter; and I take this opportunity of wishing all whom it may concern a Merry and Efficient Christmas.



"By employing a Certified Public Accountant for a fee of \$10 we would have saved \$18.50"



At the Movies Wasting Good Money

Solving the Christmas Money Problem

WHAT he Said to His Wife in September: Now that vacation is over I'm going to start right in and save something every week for Christmas. We've been broke every Christmas since we were married. For once I'm going to have enough money to buy the presents without having to pinch.

In October: I'm certainly glad I started saving for Christmas. As soon as I pay back what I borrowed to meet that insurance premium the fund will be almost big enough to get us through nicely; and of course I intend to put a lot into it next month.

In November: With six weeks until Christmas I'll be in

good shape, even if we do take that money for a Thanksgiving week-end.

Three Days Before Christmas: While I was borrowing at the bank I thought I might as well get enough so we wouldn't have to skimp. And after it's all over we can start in and save again. It won't take long to pay it back.

McCready Huston.

Degrees

SAID a friend to the proud father of a college graduate who had just been awarded an A. M. degree:

"I suppose Robert will be looking for a Ph.D. next?"

"No. He will be looking for a J. O. B."



A Surfeit

HOW much kissing can a human being of ordinary calibre sustain without collapse, and how much kissing can a human being of ordinary nerves and digestion read about without nausea? These are questions which none of us thought to have answered, but which are forced unduly upon our attention by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" in a sinister little story called "Vera" (Doubleday, Page & Co.).

A brute and bounder of forty-five marries an undeveloped young woman of twenty-two. She does not know that he is a brute and bounder, though the circumstance is apparent to everyone else who comes in contact with him, and the reason she does not know is precisely the enlightening fact of kisses. These begin on page fifty-four, when their acquaintance is a week old, and when the brute and bounder's wife (who kills herself to get rid of him) has been dead three weeks. The book contains three hundred and nineteen pages, and the remaining two hundred and sixty-five are enlivened with twenty-six kissing bouts, not casual embraces left to the reader's fancy, but "enormous kisses," "soothing soporific kisses," "jovial gluttonous kisses that made the skin rough and chapped," and many other kinds, described with the minuteness of a medical report. If the brute and bounder pauses for breath, the young woman demands more kisses; if the young woman shows signs of physical exhaustion, the brute and bounder remembers that her face is his to kiss "when he likes, and as much as ever he likes." Having reached the last paragraph of the last page, and taken leave of them sleepily kissing, we shut their bedroom door, and open a window for fresh air.

And this is the work of the most brilliant woman of our day, a past mistress of irony and sentiment, a writer of high aloofness and distinction. It can be recommended as a literary emetic, but is that its *raison d'être*?

Agnes Repplier.

Fiction

The Briary Bush, by Floyd Dell (Alfred A. Knopf). An elaborate attempt, in a long series of character conversations, to prove that two and two make four. The Moon Calf pursues his tortuous way through the modern Chicago literary bohemian quarter, and in spite of what we have just written and making due allowance for its truth, we are bound to add that this book of Mr. Dell's we read right through to the sweetened end, and hereby record that we enjoyed it.

Plum Pudding, by Christopher Morley (Doubleday, Page & Co.). Mr. Morley has succeeded so admirably in elevating the unimportance of literary thinking into a distinctive position alongside many other unimportances that every additional book he writes emphasizes his genius. It goes to show that nothing is so trivial that it cannot be transmuted into charming reading; also that it is possible for a man to be a genuine highbrow and yet be human.

Martin Conisby's Vengeance, by Jeffery Farnol (Little, Brown & Co.). We confess that Mr. Farnol's book is strong meat for timid folk like us, but, by the Lord Harry and Black Bartlemy's treasure, it's quite all right. He takes pains with his writing. That means much. And his stories are good. This is good, wholesome blood and thunder!

A Penny Whistle, by Bert Leston Taylor (Alfred A. Knopf). This little book, so full of humor and personal charm, comes as a sort of hail and farewell from the gifted author whose death in March last came as a shock to the many who loved him not alone for his genius but for his other fine qualities. Probably no one during the last quarter-century has contributed more enjoyably to our literary art.

Seeing Things at Night, by Heywood Broun (Harcourt, Brace & Co.). This book contains a story about Dr. John Roach Straton, Babe Ruth and God which we understand a certain journal refused to print. Also, it is a useful book in other respects, for although it is largely made up of book reviews previously published, it conveys a respectable mass of literary information. It

(Continued on page 29)

If I May

THERE seems to be no end to the colloquial titling of essay collections. At present the fancy is for the apologetic: "Not That It Matters"—"And Even Now"—"Well, Why Not?"—"Of All Things!" And now, most shrinking of all, "If I May."

The humor of Mr. A. A. Milne is characteristically satirical though seldom robust. There may, in consequence, be some of us who will welcome its graceful and indefinite drollery as a pleasant change from our own vigorous snappiness.

Mr. Milne possesses a certain quality of playfulness which he has happily chosen to cultivate and which helps to give his essays the necessary touch of individuality to rescue them from the rank and filed.

Certainly, there is nothing particularly new in his choice of subjects.

We find several old favorites from the Essay Catalogue—Christmas Cards, Weddings, Popular Fiction, Conversational Openings, the Swiss Family Robinson, and so forth, but these are more cheerfully forgiven because of the refreshing flippancy of their treatment than are the few which deal (so reminiscently) with Patriotism and Disarmament—two subjects which are beyond the scope of "If I May," and, if I may say so, of its author.

Mr. Milne is at his best when he describes familiar scenes and surroundings. "A Village Celebration" and "The Holiday Problem," so completely different in mood, are both delightfully droll.

In "A Village Celebration," a dashingly drawn sketch of rural England, the author compresses into six pages enough character study for an Eden Phillpotts novel. "The Holiday Problem" deals amusingly with the Londoner's affection for "Town" and solves itself very satisfactorily.

The author has also found something new to say about Sherlock Holmes—which, you must admit, is an achievement.

M. H.



Around the Library Lamp

LIFE'S Questions and Comments for Home Discussion

THE saying, "A fool and his money are soon parted," is ascribed to Poor Richard. Who was Poor Richard? Do you think he was right?

Why, in your opinion, does one put an egg in coffee? What is coffee? Does it grow in the ground or in the bean?

Where is Ireland? What does Ireland want? Discuss the difference between Home Rule, Anthropomorphic Theism and Aristophanes' "Frogs."

Discuss the following statements: Four quarts make a gallon. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. The radii of a circle meet in the center of the circle. It is never too late to mend. The horse is a quadruped. Milton is a noted English poet. The sun's rays are hot. Brag is a good dog, but Scotch terriers have long hair. My aunt is the wife of my uncle; her sister is my mother. Glass, when tapped with a hammer, usually breaks in several pieces.

Who said "Give me liberty or give me death"? Was it considered a seditious statement? Do you think it would be considered so now? What is liberty? Whose forefathers fought for it? Did they get it? How do you know?

Goldfish are kept constantly under water, and are frequently subjected to the association of tadpoles and snails. Is this cruel? Have you any suggestions for bettering these conditions?

Assuming that it were possible, would you care to be a goldfish? Two goldfish? Why not?

The proper answers to these vital and interesting questions will be found in the sub-basement of a popular New York department store.

H. W. H.



The profiteer's son runs true to form.



"Say, woman, d'ye see that sign? Well, then, if ye don't want to be out two dollars don't hold yer baby so close to the cages."

THE SILENT DRAMA



Hamlet

DENMARK is the latest entry in the Motion Picture Olympic Games. Her first offering to receive any notice on this side of the Atlantic is "Hamlet"—not a screen version of Shakespeare's tragedy, but a dramatization of the old legend which gave Shakespeare his inspiration.

It is a gorgeously beautiful picture, well photographed and skilfully composed, but it lacks the elements of dramatic power that every play or photoplay must possess if it is to justify its existence. In the first place, the Danish producers have made a bad mistake in departing from the story as Shakespeare wrote it. They have based their calculations on the astounding assumption that Hamlet was a woman, and have cast an actress in the leading rôle, with the result that the picture often gives the effect of being played by the Elizabethan Society of Vassar College in their open-air theatre during Commencement Week. Moreover, they have inserted a number of questionable incongruities. The picture of *Horatio* with a German police dog is disconcerting, to say the least.

Asta Nielsen, extensively billed as Denmark's greatest tragedienne, is *Hamlet*, and she indicates that she might be effective in a more reasonable rôle. The rest of the acting, however, tends to support Shakespeare's statement that something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

The Flower of the North

MENTION the word "North" in connection with a movie, and you immediately think of (1) Rex Beach, (2) James Oliver Curwood. Neither of these eminent authors will ever admit that romance is possible south of the fifty-third latitude, or that a man can be heroic unless he wears a mackinaw.

"The Flower of the North" is by Mr. Curwood, and is melodrama at its mellowest.

As is usually the case, it is not so much a story as a series of unrelated thrills. However, the thrills are numerous and, what is more, they are real.

The competent Pauline Starke heads the cast, and is accompanied by Henry B. Walthall, who played the *Little Colonel* in "The Birth of a Nation." One cannot help thinking how much fun a good barber would have with Mr. Walthall's shock of hair.

And Still More Shorts

THE number of good short subjects is steadily increasing. "The Battle of Jutland," a two-reel picture, has lately been imported from England, and is chiefly valuable in demonstrating the part which the movies will play in recording history. The famous sea fight has been reproduced in miniature with perfect fidelity, the movement of each ship that took part being shown from the time the first shot was fired until the German fleet had finally disappeared into the limbo of low visibility.

Another interesting short picture has been produced by Hugo Riesefeld,

who has been experimenting for some time with screen versions of famous operas, synchronizing the orchestra with the action on the screen. His first attempt, "La Tosca," is most successful, and should be shown in every theatre that has the requisite musical equipment.

The Prince Chap

IN "The Prince Chap," Thomas Meighan represents a magazine editor as a bloated bond holder, conducting his affairs in one of those 75 x 90 offices that never existed outside the movies. Now, some of my best friends are editors, and I resent the implication that any of them are members of the capitalistic class. That is occupied solely by advertisers.

However, "The Prince Chap" is a well acted and amusing little example of heart interest.

What Do Men Want?

LOIS WEBER has always tried to establish herself as a High Priestess of the Box Office. She has a fine flair for pictorial effect, and her photoplays are always pleasant to look upon. But in theme they are about as elevating and artistic as a chart showing the fluctuations of the Cotton Market during the fiscal year of 1902. The titles are descriptive, usually voicing some eternal question such as, "Where Are My Children?" "What's Worth While?" and now "What Do Men Want?"

This latest is typical of the Weber product, although the picture itself scarcely fulfills the promise of snappy sex stuff that is hinted at in the title. The conclusion that is drawn from seven reels of moral lessons is that men want nothing so much as a comfortable home, an attractive, sympathetic wife and a reasonable number of normal, healthy, obedient children.

Which is true enough, in its way.

Robert E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 31)



Pious Aunt: This is the Lord's Day, William.
"Well, he's welcome to it."



Drawn by C. Clyde Squires

Competition



The Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys

... To the office, and hastened to finish my stint, and so uptown and saw A. Woollcott at luncheon, and asked him whether he had seen Rabelais. Rabelais who? he queried. Mirabelais dictu, was my answer, which sent him into cyclones of merriment. Have you seen Theophilus, he said—Theophilus show I ever saw?

—F. P. A., in *New York Tribune*.

Speaking From Experience

"Pa!"

"Well, my son?"

"What is the last word in hospitality?"

"It isn't a word, son. It's a hiccuph."

—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Fast and Furious

KEEN TENNIS PLAYER (to partner, after winning stubbornly contested game): You were absolutely topping, Miss Lovebird. Why, you played just like a—a thwarted woman.—*Punch*.

SHE: You've been drinking whisky.
AMATEUR DISTILLER: Thank you.

—*Carolina Tar Baby*.



THE GHOST STORY

—G. E. Studdy, in the *Sketch* (London).

The Wrong Foot

From a telegram recently received by the District Superintendent of an Indian Railway from a Babu station-master: "Coming on duty early in the morning clad in my new and white uniform I perceived a man seated on a box in a naked and aggressive manner. Taking him to be an ordinary passenger, I proceeded to slap him, whereupon he hastily arose, unlocked the said box, clad himself in a policeman's uniform thereof and arrested me. The shoe is thus situated on the erroneous pedicle. Please arrange."

—*London Morning Post*.

Precipitous

An amateur mountain climber, relating his experience in the Rockies, said: "Goin' up you can mighty nigh stand up straight and bite the ground; goin' down a man wants hobnails on the seat of his trousers."

—*Vancouver Province*.

No Others

NORTH: Has Alice any of the old-fashioned virtues?

WEST: I suppose so—most of them are.

—*Kansas City Star*.

The Gude Samaritan

OLD SCOT: Dinna cry, ma wee laddie! If ye dinna find yer penny afore dark, here's a match!—*Wayside Tales*.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Back numbers cannot be supplied.

The text and illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted. For Reprint Rights in Great Britain apply to LIFE, Rolls House, Breems Buildings, Fetter Lane, London, E. C., England.

The foreign trade supplied from LIFE's London Office, Rolls House, Breems Buildings, London, E. C. Canadian distributor, J. R. Tanguay, 386-388 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected.

Holiday Warmth

There's a friendly warmth about The Hollenden that makes it a welcome haven to many a traveller around holiday time as thoughts of home tug at his heart strings. Those who pass are the sort of people you want to know. Rich memories and fine associations are written into the very atmosphere of this hotel of particular guests.

THE HOLLENDEN CLEVELAND

RATES

with bath

Single . \$3.00 to \$6.00

Double \$5.00 to \$7.00

Twin Beds \$6.00 to \$8.00



Christmas and the Joy of Giving, The Best Gift of All.

A Subscription
to

Life

means joy in receiving as well as giving, *fifty-two presents a year*, each different, each a bright spot in the week! The whole family, men and women, children and grown-ups, enjoy reading LIFE, and will race to see it first!

Try it and see for yourself. A Christmas Card announcing the gift sent upon request.

Christmas Offer:

Enclosed find Five Dollars (Canadian \$5.80, Foreign \$6.60). Send LIFE for one year to

With a Christmas Card from

LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York. 62



*Actual photograph of hand of
T. L. Masson—Editor of "Life"
—holding an OMAR.*

© 1921, A. T. Co.

"Tom" Masson holding an OMAR — this is the "LIFE"

Omar Omar spells Aroma

Omar Omar is Aroma

Aroma makes a cigarette;

They've told you that for years

Smoke Omar for Aroma.

Thirteen kinds of choice Turkish and
six kinds of selected Domestic tobaccos
are blended to give Omar its delicate
and distinctive Aroma.

*They always go together—
Merry Christmas and
a Happy New Year
Bread and Butter
Gilbert and Sullivan
and
OMAR and AROMA.*



Manufactured by
The American Tobacco Co.

—which means that if you don't like
OMAR CIGARETTES you can
get your money back from the dealer

Holeproof Hosiery



Give Him a Box of Holeproof

Hosiery is one gift that every boy and man welcomes especially when it is Holeproof, famous for its superior quality, smart style, and unmatched durability.

To give Holeproof is to show good judgment—for here is a gift that is as desirable as it is useful. Stores everywhere are offering Silk, Silk Faced, Silk and Wool, and Lisle Holeproof Hosiery for men, packed in attractive Christmas boxes.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario

© H. H. Co.

H

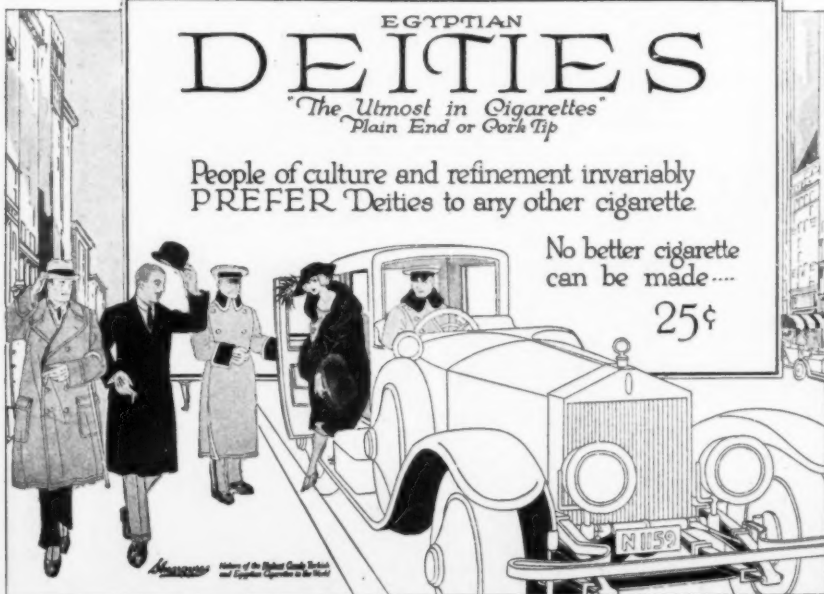
EGYPTIAN DEITIES

"The Utmost in Cigarettes"
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture and refinement invariably
PREFER Deities to any other cigarette

No better cigarette
can be made....

25¢



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



The Newest Freedom

Texans are just naturally partisans. A man from that state called at the *Journal* office the other day. In reply to a question, he said: "Yes, the county where Ah live went Republican at 'lection, but it's so'y now it went that way. Hodding ain't so pop'la' as he was. Ah hud a fellow say some remawks 'bout that to-day right here in Tulsy. He said: 'Some great liberato's have lived in this country. Lincoln, he freed the slaves; Henry Fo'd freed the hosses; Thomas Edison freed the tired piano playah; Hodding freed the wo'king-man from hahd labaw. Ain't no work now but fo' va'y few.'"

—Oil and Gas Journal.

A Pernicious Influence

Frederick had discovered *Treasure Island* the other day and devoured it in one blissful feast, lasting from breakfast till bedtime, when he was forcibly pried loose from the book.

He was obviously in a trance as he undressed, but still his demure mamma was not exactly prepared for the variation which he sprung when he came to say his prayers:

"Give us this day our daily bread—yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum!"

—London Opinion.

Poor Father

The London *Times* digs up a bunch of "humor evasive" in answers to questionnaires, as, for instance: A person whose father had been hanged by the neck until useless answered the question:

"Is your father dead? If so, how did he die?"

"My father was taking the principal part in a public function, when the platform gave way."

—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

No Sale

"I want," said the very plain girl, "a book entitled 'Cultivate Your Natural Beauty.'"

"Here it is," said the clerk, who wanted to be sociable. "Are you getting it for a friend?"

And the very plain girl put her purse back into her bag and went right out.

—Philadelphia Retail Ledger.

On Sufferance

FILM PRODUCER (seeking location): You say your mistress is away? I suppose she wouldn't object to my taking a few scenes in her grounds?

TRUSTY OLD RETAINER: I don't suppose so, but you mustn't come 'round afterwards bothering her to buy the photographs!—Passing Show (London).

Old-Time Chivalry

INDIGNANT LADY: Sir, when I was your age, a young man would not let a woman stand up in the subway.

YOUNG MAN: When you were my age, madam, people still went about in stage coaches.—Le Journal Amusant (Paris).

BRITANNIA, briefly, will golden-rule the waves.—New York Tribune.

The Latest Books

(Continued from page 20)

has humor, good humor, running through it.

Peter Binney, by Archibald Marshall (Dodd, Mead & Co.). This novel was first published twenty years ago in England. Those who love Mr. Marshall's books—and there is an increasing number—will wish to add this one to the others.

Eudocia, by Eden Phillpotts (The Macmillan Co.). A story of Constantinople during the year 1067, of which the author himself declares that "no historical value attaches to this romance." Anybody can, therefore, read it without danger.

Others

Invention, by Rear-Admiral Bradley A. Fiske (E. P. Dutton & Co.). It seems a pity that Admiral Fiske should not make a better book out of such fascinating material. It would be impossible to make a bad book out of the story of great inventions because the bare recital of them is thrilling to those who are capable of being thrilled by the creative adventures of man. But why did the good Admiral skirt over so much of the human part? Why did he not hint at least of how Whitney came to invent his cotton gin, and why did he omit Eads? We wish that in writing his book he had called in Mr. Belasco to help him out.

The Life of Jean Henri Fabre, by the Abbé Augustin Fabre, translated by Bernard Nicoll (Dodd, Mead & Co.). One of the greatest and at the same time most exasperating biographies we have read in many a long day. There are superb passages in this book, but it is so incomplete in the chronology and it has no index! Yet it is magnificent. A book that will live long after much of our present-day literature has perished. To know the works and life of such a great Frenchman and naturalist is to have entered another world.

Stories of American Inventions, by Inez N. McFee (Thomas Y. Crowell Co.). Another book without an index. Loosely written but extremely inspiring—a good book for American boys.

A Magnificent Farce, and Other Diversions of a Book Collector, by A. Edward Newton (The Atlantic Monthly Press). Here's a book for you, if you love books! Beautifully printed, beautifully illustrated, and, in spite of these—delightful reading.

Remarkable Rogues, by Charles Kingston (John Lane Co.). The careers of some distinguished (and extinguished) criminals.

Sure Relief



Dispose of Your Christmas Worries Now

Make It a Christmas Gift De Luxe

WARD'S PARADISE FRUIT CAKE

The Cake of the Gods

Here is Christmas joy for everybody, for guests at your holiday feast, for your friends and relatives at a distance—for your family.

Christmas comes but once a year and on that joyous occasion "WARD'S," the world's greatest bakers, make Paradise Fruit Cake—the last word in the art of cakemaking.

Only the highest grade materials are used in making Ward's Paradise Fruit Cake. Luscious cherries imported from France, Hawaiian pineapples, choicest nuts of every kind, raisins, butter, eggs, sugar, milk and flour—all perfectly blended and baked into the most delicious cake you ever tasted.

This masterpiece of cake-making is put up as befits such a treasure. It is wrapped in glassine paper, and packed in an exquisitely decorated metal box, lined with lace paper and doily. Keeps indefinitely.

Nothing to equal it for the Christmas dinner and an ideal gift for an individual or family. Better than candy for the women folks and more appreciated by men than cigars.

Net weight 5 lbs. Measures more than 10 inches in diameter. Price east of the Mississippi River \$5.00. Elsewhere in the United States and Canada \$1 additional. At your dealer's or sent, parcel post or express prepaid, on receipt of check or post-office money-order. Send your orders to our New York office or, if more convenient, to our nearest bakery.

OVER 100,000 SOLD LAST YEAR—THEY MUST BE GOOD

Address Dept. "D"

WARD BAKING COMPANY

New York, N. Y. Newark, N. J. Chicago, Ill. Boston, Mass. Baltimore, Md.
Brooklyn, N. Y. Pittsburgh, Pa. Providence, R. I. Cleveland, O. Columbus, O.

A Big Job and Many Workers

WHOEVER is working to salvage the world and reorganize the nations, and for other good and pressing objects of that nature, must be encouraged to notice every day how much help he is getting. The burial of the Unknown Soldier is an example; the calling of the Conference is another; the cries from all over the country for the Conference to do something really helpful is another. Somebody did the work to get all these movements going, and it was well done. The burial of the soldier brought back the memories of the war and revived interest in its purposes; the calling of the Conference was the expression of a great longing to alleviate the distress of mankind. Not only the people that want to be quit of wars are useful by their direct efforts, but a lot of people who seem to want to keep war up seem also to be useful indirectly, because their deliverances excite such a heat of dissent.

Nobody has got to save the world all by himself. He is going to have a lot of help about it.



*The Aristocrat of
fine Toilet Soaps*

Since 1789

"I Stopped Poisoning Myself!"

How I reduced the chief cause of premature old age

Although I considered myself in pretty good health, I went to my friend, Dr. ———, several months ago, for a complete examination. In fact, it was on my sixtieth birthday, and I went largely to please my wife.

When he was through the doctor said, smiling but also with a note of seriousness: "Well, John, you're not what I'd call a sick man, but the chances are you *will* be before long if you're not more careful. In a nutshell, you've been neglecting yourself all these years—eating more than you should—not exercising enough—not eliminating properly—and now your kidneys are feeling the effects of being overworked.

"French scientists claim that 'as the kidneys are, so are all the organs of the body.' You see, John, the function of the kidneys is to remove most of the poisons and mineral impurities either produced by the body or brought into it through the things we eat and drink. Overtax the kidneys with such impurities and the latter accumulate, gradually lodging in the cellular tissue and joints of the body, and finally bringing about a serious heart and arterial deterioration. It's a fact that when folks die, they almost always die of poisons!

"If, on the other hand, you reduce

these body wastes to a minimum and get rid of new wastes as thoroughly and promptly as possible, you have helped immensely to ward off the chief factor which causes premature old age.


"I'm going to have you take something that will do this very thing. It's not a medicine at all, but something you will enjoy taking. It's Paradise Water, from Paradise Spring in Maine. Have your grocer bring you a case, and drink it regularly, to the exclusion of any other water. Drink it plentifully—at least two quarts a day.

"Paradise Water will benefit you because its remarkable purity and solvency give it the power to *eliminate* the mineral and poisonous wastes of the body. It will give your system the regular and frequent *washing out* that it needs. It will give your kidneys the rest that they need, too. In fact, it will make a new man of you!"

To make a long story short, I did exactly what my friend advised, and already am enjoying the benefits. To anyone else who wants to preserve his health and increase his years of usefulness and well-being I say: Write to the PARADISE SPRING CO., BRUNSWICK, MAINE, for a free copy of their valuable booklet, "The Story of Paradise Spring." This will point out the sure road to better health.

At Grocers or Druggists—Natural or Carbonated—A Delightful Table Water, too.

PARADISE WATER



Whitman
Saddles and
Equestrian
Equipment

The ideal
Christmas gift
for the youngster
who will become
tomorrow's horse-
man.

In making a gift of a bit of saddle to the experienced rider it is well to remember that his first choice is Whitman.

Designs and prices upon request

THE PERKINS-CAMPBELL CO.
622 Broadway, Cincinnati, Ohio
New York—49 Chambers St. Chicago—1329 S. Michigan Ave.

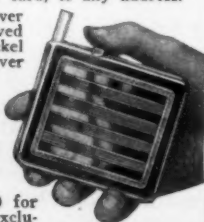
GIVE A CIGARETTE EJECTOR for XMAS!

Something new in "smoke" cases. Just press the button, that's all. Easy to secure cigarette without crushing. Saves time. A real gift every smoker will enjoy. Sent postpaid, with your card, to any address.

Solid Sterling Silver case, hand engraved design, \$16.00. Nickel Silver, triple silver plated case, hand engraved design, \$5.00. Brass—nickel plated—stamped design as illustrated, \$1.50. Order early—solve Xmas problem.

Agents—send \$1.50 for sample case and exclusive territory proposition.

THE LYONS LEVEL & TOOL CO.
Dept. EL, New Haven, Conn.



How Prohibition Breeds Theft

SOME results of prohibition are good; others are far from satisfactory. A lady was saying, "The two men we had in our house last winter are in Sing Sing. Nice men they were, too, and did well by us."

"Well, how was that?"

"They left us and took service with someone else in the country. After a while they left him. One night they got a motor car, some suit-cases, some tools, and went out to his country place to steal his rum. After they left him he had had a steel door put on his wine closet, and they could not get through it with the tools they had, so they gave up and came back to town. When they stopped to cross the street a policeman happened to look in their car, thought the suit-cases were suspicious, the burglar's tools still more so, and took them to the station-house. They had hardly got there before a telephone message came about the burglary. It was a plain case and they were sent to Sing Sing. They never took anything from us and from that house where they went to get the wine they took nothing. I think it is pretty tragic."

Of course, it is tragic and it illustrates the demoralized state of mind that a great many people are in about other people's rum. They will steal it if they can, though they would not steal anything else. They will steal it partly because it is valuable and very easy to sell; partly also, perhaps, because it does not look fair to them that some people should have drinks while most people cannot get them. But burglary is burglary and courts make no fine distinctions about rum.

Bored

I AM weary of making change to drop into telephone slots, of women with salmon-colored stockings, of giving the excuse that I am going to Boston when I wish to avoid a dinner party, of hearing about a friend's bootlegger who . . . , of checking my hat in restaurants, of telling the taxi driver where I live, of cutting my chin every time I shave, of cudgeling my brains to make a new drink with gin, . . . of telling women that I cannot live without them. . . .

Not So Bad

MIKE: Did you sell the pigs?

PAT: I did.

MIKE: What did you get?

PAT: Well, I didn't get as much as I expected to, but I didn't expect to

LLOYD GEORGE at the disarmament conference would be something like a lion in a den of Daniels.

THE SILENT DRAMA

Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 24)

The Sheik. *Paramount.*—An emasculated version of the popular (with many) novel, which includes some beautiful desert scenes, and some fine acting by Rudolph Valentino.

The Iron Trail. *United Artists.*—Snow and ice and cold-blooded deviltry, served up hot by Rex Beach.

All for a Woman. *First National.*—The story of "Danton," set forth in occasionally effective style by a cast of extremely Teutonic performers.

The Ropin' Fool. *Rogers.*—The divine Will slings his rope before the slow-motion camera in an interesting and amusing two-reel comedy.

The Silent Call. *First National.*—A new German actor—a Police Dog—appears as the star of this incoherent melodrama.

The Wonderful Thing. *First National.*—The talented Norma Talmadge wastes her efforts on an insipid story.

Ladies Must Live. *Paramount.*—A weird hodge-podge of social satire, moral lessons and sex appeal, started by the late George Loane Tucker, and finished by someone vastly inferior.

The Poverty of Riches. *Goldwyn.*—An unintelligent variation of the "Dangerous Curve Ahead" theme, with the children omitted.

White Oak. *Paramount.*—Bill Hart is in it—but there! we've given away the whole plot.

Peter Ibbetson. *Paramount.*—Wallace Reid, Elsie Ferguson and George Fawcett in a strikingly beautiful interpretation of Du Maurier's novel.

Theodora. *Goldwyn.*—Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" converted into celluloid at vast expense by a cast of Italians whose name is legion.

The Three Musketeers. *United Artists.*—Why say more?

Woman's Place. *First National.*—Real satirical comedy, written by Emerson and Loos, and played by Constance Talmadge.

Enchantment. *Paramount.*—Marion Davies makes her debut as an actress in a picture that is almost sure to please.

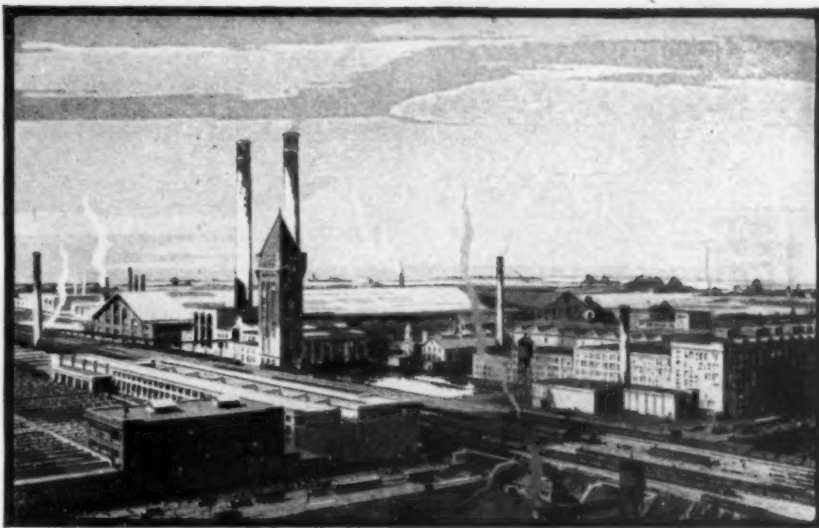
Fightin' Mad. *Desmond.*—William Desmond as an Arizona D'Artagnan in a Mexican Border version of "The Three Musketeers." There are plenty of thrills and a few laughs.

Little Lord Fauntleroy. *United Artists.*—Mary Pickford does not suffer in the least from double exposure. A pleasant and intelligent if not particularly exciting screen version of Mrs. Burnett's novel.

Never Weaken. *Pathé.*—A Harold Lloyd comedy that we can not recommend to those people whose lips are chapped, and to whom laughter is a source of intense distress. It contains about as complete a combination of laughs and thrills as any comedy we have ever seen.

The Affairs of Anatol. *Paramount.*—A senseless jumble of stars, scenery and advertising space. It was based on Schnitzler's play, and then, when the superstructure had been started, the foundation was removed.

For Review Next Week. "The Call of the North," "The Bonnie Brier Bush," "The Lotus Eater," "Molly O" and "Our Mutual Friend."



Works of the Western Electric Company; the manufacturing department of the Bell System

Economical Equipment

Forty years ago the management of the Bell Telephone System organized for a supply of the apparatus which it foresaw would be required in the development of its new industry—telephone service.

The telephone in some countries is the luxury of the rich, but in America it is used by practically all the people. This universal service is due in large measure to foresight in engineering and manufacture.

Switchboards with millions of parts, other apparatus of highest efficiency, and all necessarily of complex and intricate design, cables and wires and a multitude of technical devices enable our country to lead the world in telephone service.

All this telephone equipment is

made in a factory which is recognized throughout the world as having the largest production and the highest standards of workmanship and efficiency.

This factory, controlled through stock ownership by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, has been for forty years the manufacturing department of the Bell System; with the result that the associated companies secure equipment of the highest development, made of the best materials, produced in accordance with the requirements of the public, and with the certainty of moderate costs.

Economy in the Bell System begins with the manufacture of equipment.

"BELL SYSTEM"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed
toward Better Service



I'm glad I said
PARKER
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
Fountain Pen

LUCKY CURVE

Q-PIDART

The Game Hit of the Season

Furnishes lively entertainment for young people of all ages.
Played individually or by teams or by sides in matches or tournaments.
We'll send it to you prepaid for **50c**

Whang Mfg. Co.
307 Grand Ave.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

*A dangerous warning
— bleeding gums*



**FOR
THE GUMS**

**BRUSH YOUR TEETH
WITH IT**

FORMULA OF

Forhan's

NEW YORK CITY

**SPECIALIST IN
DISEASES OF THE MOUTH**

**PREPARED FOR THE
PRESCRIPTION OF THE
DENTAL PROFESSION**

Forhan's

**FOR
THE
GUMS**

ARE your gums tender? Do they bleed when brushed? If so—watch out for Pyorrhea.

This disease of the gums, which afflicts four out of five people over forty, not only destroys the teeth, but often wrecks the health.

In Pyorrhea, the gums become spongy, then recede; the teeth decay, loosen and fall out—or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhea germs which breed in pockets about them. These germs lower the body's vitality and cause many diseases.

You can keep Pyorrhea away. Visit your dentist often for tooth and gum inspection, and use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums prevents Pyorrhea—or checks its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean.

Start using it today. If your gums have receded, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in U.S. and Canada

FORHAN CO.
New York
Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal

The
BILTMORE
MADISON AVE., 43rd to 44th STREETS
NEW YORK

Dancing in the Supper Room
Tea in the Palm Room
Friday Morning Musicales

JOHN McE. BOWMAN,
President

AT BEST STANDS

"MADE IN
BOND"

QUESTA-REY
CLEAR
HAVANA CIGARS
TAMPA -- HAVANA

These Ultra-Modern Times

CHARACTER ANALYST (testifying in prisoner's behalf):

"Your Honor, it is my contention that the defendant is a victim of circumstances. An analysis of his character proves that by nature he is rash and impulsive—an inherent trait over which he can exercise no control.

"His assault on the plaintiff was, therefore, no fault of his own—rather was it the fault of the Supreme Being who endowed him with such a temperament. He is to be pitied—not condemned.

"I ask for judicial clemency in his behalf."

JUDGE (after due deliberation):

"I, too, have had my character analyzed. My analysis shows that I am stubborn to a marked degree, that my native obstinacy will not permit me to listen to reason, and that I have neither mercy nor sympathy in my make-up.

"As you have just stated, we mortals have no control over the temperaments with which we are endowed.

"Ninety days."

H. Allan Perrill.

Fanatical Minorities

DR. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER has been talking again, and talking as usual pretty well, and he said (as reported in the papers):

Liberty, which once was endangered by monarchs and by ruling classes, has long since ceased to fear either of these; it is now chiefly endangered by tyrannous and fanatical minorities which seize control for a longer or shorter time of the agencies and instruments of government through ability and skill in playing upon the fears, the credulity and the selfishness of men.

That seems to be about the size of it, but which particular fanatical minority has he most in mind? Is he more resentful of the bunch in the Senate that beat the Versailles Treaty, or of the Prohibitionists who have swept the country fairly clear of all mild stimulants and left the drinkers little to drink except whisky? A diligent minority is working with all sorts of propaganda to cultivate American distrust of Japan and encourage armament against her; another practices to make an Anglo-Irish agreement as difficult as possible; another is anti-Jew, another anti-Catholic, and there are lots more.

But the minorities that have really been effectual in great matters are the one that put over the Prohibition amendment and the one that kept the United States out of the Treaty of Versailles. It must be this latter one that Dr. Butler is after, and with the armament conference trying to do what it failed of doing at Versailles, his assault is timely.

For Coughs and Colds Safe and Sane PISO'S

This syrup is different from all others
Pleasant—gives quick relief. Contains
no opiates—good for young and old

35c per bottle everywhere

Books Received

The Day of Faith, by Arthur Somers Roche (Little, Brown).

Glenwood of Shipbay, by John H. Walsh (Macmillan).

Circuits of Victory, by A. Lincoln Lavine (Doubleday, Page).

Team Play, by George G. Livermore (Macmillan).

Orientalism of Ho-Hen, by T. K. Hedrick (Bobbs-Merrill).

My Chinese Marriage, by M. T. F. (Duffield).

A Grandmother's Book of Verses for Her Grandchildren, by Lucy P. Scott (Duffield).

Lady Adela, by Gerald Gould, drawings by Will Dyson (Edwin Valentine Mitchell, Hartford, Conn.).

Swords, by Sidney Howard (Doran).

Roosevelt in the Bad Lands, by Hermann Hagedorn (Houghton Mifflin).

Nobody's Man, by E. Phillips Oppenheim (Little, Brown).

Trouble-the-House, by Kate Jordan (Little, Brown).

Ptomaine Street, by Carolyn Wells (Lippincott).

More Tish, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Doran).

The Tragedy of Nan, by John Masefield (Macmillan).

THE CARONIA WONDER CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN Limited

to 350 Guests

Jan. 28 to March 30, 1922.

Never before has there been offered an opportunity of visiting the strange lands and stranger peoples of the great Sea of History and Literature in such luxurious comfort of appointments and service as will be enjoyed in the coming Cruise of the Cunarder Caronia.

Under the exclusive management of

THOS. COOK & SON
245 Broadway, New York

GUIDE BOOK TO WOMEN

BY JAMES JAMES

The editor of one magazine for women says already—making a new altitude record for wrath as she says it—that this book should be suppressed.

\$1.00 at the nearest bookshop.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 5th Ave., N. Y.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—